Mar. My thanks ſweet Madame. Is the winde Weſterly that blowes?

Leon. South-weſt.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar, My father, as Nurſe ſaith, did neuer feare, but cryed good ſea-men to the ſaylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leen. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canuas clymer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out? and with a dropping induſtry they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boat-ſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to do my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing creature: beleeue me now, I neuer kild a Mouſe, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes fore-ſhew you haue a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-ſooth it ſhewd well in you, do ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, come you betweene, and ſaue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch.

Enter

Enter

Pirat 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Halfe part mates, ha
board ſodainly.

Enter Le

Leon. Theſe roguing theeu
and they haue ſeized *Marina*, l
will returne: Ile ſweare ſhee's
but Ile ſee further, perhaps the
pon her, not carry her aboard, i
Whom they haue rauiſht, muſt

Enter the thre

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market
lants, we loſt too much money
leſſe.

Baud. We were neuer ſo mu
poore three, and they can do no
with continuall action, are euer

Pander. Therefore lets haue
them, if there be not a conſcien
ſhall neuer proſper.

Baud. Thou ſaiſt true, tis no
ſtards, as I thinke, I haue broug

Boult. I to eleuen, and brougl
But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Baud. What elſe man? the ſtu
blow it to peeces, they are ſo pi

Pander. Thou ſaiſt true, ther
ence, the poore *Tranſiluanian*
baggedge.

Boult. I, ſhe quickly poupt h

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